5; Harrison D-4 (1912-1924) 1924 M1 Middle East
Bedouin MJ4

one is invited, and the half-starved Bedouin, who has perhaps not had a full meal for months, makes such use of his opportunities as seems incredible to a student of anatomy. Four hungry Bedouins are supposed to be able to eat a whole roasted sheep at one sitting, and I am sure that I have seen many such a Bedouin company that would be equal to the task. An Arab feast is an interesting sight. A whole sheep must be cooked for any honored guest, even if he has only one or two attendants. This animal, cooked as he frequently is in one piece, is placed on a huge copper platter and buried in a mountain of boiled rice. Out of the sides of this mountain, which would measure several bushels in bulk and which stands perhaps four feet high, are to be seen protruding the amputated stumps of the animal's four limbs. This enormous central dish is flanked by various side dishes containing gravies and a few vegetables. Vegetables, however, are few in number and scanty in amount. The proportion of cooking fat put on the rice is an index of the cordiality of the guest's welcome. There is quite certain to be several times the amount that a western palate enjoys. Around this mountain of food with its foothills of side dishes the guests seat themselves, all on the floor. The signal is given by the host's remarking, "In the name of God." There follows a mad race against time, for when one guest arises, all must follow his example. Obviously, then, the affair of the moment is to see that in the short time available as much as possible of God's blessings shall be appropriated. The meat is torn off in quarter-pound chunks. Such a piece is put into the mouth, bitten in two and swallowed, if indeed it is treated with so much ceremony. The rice is gathered up in great handfuls and poured down the esophagus, ap-

1: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala
Bedouins M 34

224 A tribesman entered the tent with the information that the chief's[1] hunting-party was returning.

It was a wonderful sight as the horsemen drew up. There were about seventy of them, with hares, gazelles, and bustards hung over the withers and cruppers of their mares. A pack of greyhounds had been unleashed and they immediately sought the shade of the tent, where they stretched themselves out with heaving flanks and hanging tongues. Several slaves got up and brought them water, which they lapped up thirstily. Meanwhile, the riders had dismounted, and unloosing the casting-leads of the hooded falcons, set each bird on a padded perch before the rug of the *sheykh*.

622 Tai', on alighting from his horse, passed into the
●576 women's apartment. After a while he appeared before us. In honour of his guest, he had girded on an old sabre.

We all stood up and greeted him. Ali came forward and kissed the *sheykh's* hand, and pressing it to his forehead, said in his extravagant manner:

"Ya Muhafut—O Protector! God grant thee long life, most magnanimous of all Arabs!"

Then Ali presented me to the *sheykh*, who embraced me. With simple and grave courtesy he said:

"Peace be with thee."

With a polite movement of his hand, he indicated to me my seat and I sat down.

[576] After we had settled in our places, Sheykh Tai' rolled a cigarette and lighted it between his own lips before he handed it to me.

622 Our host was a man nearly as tall as Ali, but very slender and small-boned. Rarely have I seen such refined

1 [Sheykh Tai' of the Tai Bedouins -- Analyst]

1: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala
Bedouins MJ 4

000 man back to Aleppo, with his "wild ostrich", happy and contented.

Here, too, rain had fallen and transfigured the arid,
157 yellow wastes into lush green meadows. From the small band of Shammar, our guide borrowed riding-camels for our further journey, and we reached the camp of Mishal ibn Faris on the following day. Of Mishal the Arabs say that "no cloud can be compared with him for generosity." I, too, must say that I have seldom met so unselfish and kind-hearted a man.

Outside his large tent we drew up and dismounted. How many guest fires must have been lighted under this smoke-blackened roof, which had sheltered three generations!

574 The elderly *sheykh* stood on the threshold and bade
609 me welcome with the sacred formula of the wilderness,
●[576] the assurance of peace, "Salam Alayk."

I responded in the manner of the desert: "God keep thee well." Then, Mishal ibn Faris took with his own hand the headstall from my mare and hung it on the main post of his tent. He had wanted to know me, he said, as soon as he had heard that a stranger, who loved Arab horses, was visiting the Tai'.

I thanked him for his pleasant and friendly invitation. In his way of addressing me there was more than ordinary politeness. From now on, whether with them in person, or far away, I had the freedom of his tribe.

157 Mishal ibn Faris, the great Shammar *sheykh*, esteemed
554 from one end of the desert to the other for his staunch righteousness, had a peaceful and moderating influence on Bedouin politics, both in Mesopotamia and Syria. "A

12: Glubb G-3 (1930-1946) 1948 MG1 Jordan
BEDOUINS M 74

for we were at their mercy had they proved to be hostile. They eventually identified themselves as Sba'a, a tribe friendly to the Amarat. They told us that they were picketing the well to watch for a raiding party led by Sultan al Tayyar—Sultan the Flier—of which they had received warning. They advised us to be on the look-out.

It was about ten o'clock one morning when we topped a low desert ridge and came in sight of a wide grassy hollow thickly covered with black bedouin tents, in the middle of which the huge tent of the shaikh was plainly visible. It was not without trepidation that we tapped our camels into their briskest walk, and closed in on one another, flank touching flank and neck to neck, so as to make a dignified entry. Perhaps because every man in the desert went with his life in his hands, and anyone he met might be an enemy, the bedouins were always careful to make a dignified and reserved arrival at a strange camp. We dismounted, hobbled our camels and, wrapping our cloaks around us, advanced at a stately walk side by side. A negro slave who was making coffee unrolled a rug for us to sit on. A few men sitting in the tent returned our salutation, and we sat down in silence.

Perhaps ten minutes elapsed before Al Nuri himself entered, a fierce, glowering face, with a hawk-like nose and bright, piercing eyes. He sat down without a word of welcome and another long silence ensued. At a scarcely perceptible gesture from the old man, his clerk rolled a cigarette and placed it between his fingers. A slave stepped forward quickly with a glowing ember in a tongs to light it. The shaikh puffed in silence and glowered round. Burjas rose and crossed the tent, and laid our letter of introduction before him. "Fahad sends you his greetings," he said. But the chief only grunted, and the letter remained lying in front of him on the ground. Another ten minutes of silence ensued. Then the shaikh beckoned his clerk to read the letter to him, for he could neither read nor write. Now at last, I thought, his churlish manners will change, for I knew what was in the letter.

The secretary read in a low voice in the shaikh's ear. When it was finished, the latter gave a grunt and relapsed once more into silence and cigarette smoke. The tension was increasing and I began to grow angry. The remainder of our journey was across

Qasim Suddenly stood up

and shouted, though with his rifle still at the ready, "Wesh entum? (What are you?)" The strangers were thrown into some confusion, but one of them slipped from his camel and advanced on Qasim, also with his rifle ready. Both men had their kerchiefs tied over their faces, so that only their eyes were visible. They advanced towards one another intently and cautiously, like fighting cocks waiting for an opening. "Wa ent wesh ent?" replied the other. ("And you, who are you?") The rest of the other party had couched their camels out of sight in another hollow. They did not look like raiders, but I could not but hold my breath as the two advanced towards one another. Then suddenly the tension relaxed. "Dhana Muslim, sons of Muslim," said the other man—it was the name of the division of Aneizah of which the Ruwallah formed part. Qasim lowered his rifle.

"Are you Ubaid?"

"You're Qasim."

"Keif ent? (How are you?)"

"God bless you."

"May you be well!"

"How are the boys?"

The two ragged, bearded ruffians slowly kissed one another, first on one cheek and then on the other.

"How are you?"

"God keep you."

"May God bless that face."

We stood up. The members of the other party advanced, reassured, dragging their camels by their head-ropes. Such were the daily incidents of desert life. Ten years later the Iraq Petroleum Company's pipeline passed this way, a pumping station had been built in this waste, and English ladies were taking their tea out for a picnic in these stony valleys. That ten years was to see the passing of an era.

Meanwhile Qasim ash Shemam was becoming increasingly domineering and threatening. He regarded us with ill-concealed contempt, as might an old deep-sea fisherman a couple of landlubbers who had never been to sea before. He repeatedly informed us that he was courting a girl, whom he shortly hoped to

B 609 576 J 609 I decided, in spite of my reception, to stay for the night in the Beni Sakhr tents, both in the hope that more intimate acquaintance would overcome this inauspicious beginning and also to learn more about the Beni Sakhr, a tribe which I had never met before. The shaikh in the car drove off after lunch, and by the time we had had dinner and were sitting in a circle round the fire, the atmosphere had become more cordial.

B 142 J 142 Sitting over the coffee-pots, I noticed a long, slim, dark-complexioned youth, with those fine features which distinguish a certain type of Nejdi nomad, and which were in contrast to the fairer complexions and thicker build of the Beni Sakhr. When an opportunity offered, I enquired about his origin, and was told that he came of the tribe of Mutair. My work in southern Iraq had brought me into contact with this tribe, though usually as enemy raiders, and I knew the names of their leaders and the geography of their country. The boy's face glowed with pleasure when he heard once more the names of his tribesmen and the news of their latest raiding exploits. He then told me his story.

B 721 J 721 He had joined a large raiding party which had attacked Trans-Jordan the year before, and which included several war banners of Mutair. A Beni Sakhr camp had been surprised and overwhelmed at dawn, and many killed. During the battle, he was hit by a bullet and fell unconscious from the back of his camel. When he recovered consciousness, he felt very cold. He looked around him. It appeared to be shortly after dawn, but the sun had not risen yet. He was stark naked and lying on the ground, with corpses and dead animals strewn around. A short way from where he lay were some black bedouin tents, from which a few wisps of smoke showed that the occupants were already awake. Shivering with cold, dazed and weak, he staggered towards the nearest tent. A man was kneeling in the tent with his back to him, blowing up the embers of a fire.

B 576 When the wounded boy was some ten paces from the tent, the man looked round. With a savage cry he sprang to his feet, snatched a rifle and ran towards him. But in his excitement he fumbled with the bolt and safety-catch. The naked Mutairi staggered past him and embraced the tent pole. "I am under the protection of this house," he cried. The Sakhri threw his rifle

12: Glubb G-3 (1930-1946) 1948 MG1 Jordan MG1
BEDOUINS MJ 4

down in disgust. "God curse thee, traitress," he growled. He disappeared behind the curtain into the woman's half of the tent, and returned carrying a shirt and cloak, and dragging a carpet, which he spread. He gave the clothes to the wounded boy, with the words "Welcome to the guest," and quietly proceeded to blow up the embers of the fire again. "Since which," added the Mutairi with a sad smile, "I have lived with these worthies, who have allowed me to lack nothing. But you have brought me happiness with news of my people." He rose with the coffee-pot and cups in his hand to pour out another round of coffee.

Whatever the Beni Sakhr thought of British diplomacy, they had obviously not forgotten the old chivalry of Arabia.

We reached Amman in the morning, and entered a narrow street through a crowded bazaar. We were on four camels, myself and my servant, a man of the Ruwallah sent with us from Kaf and a Sherari of the despised tribe of that name. Our camels were shy and nervous in the bustle of the bazaars, after the wide spaces of the silent desert. Suddenly a rattling Ford car confronted us in the narrow street. With that lack of feeling for animals which could be shown only by city dwellers, the driver began to blow his horn as loudly as he could under the very noses of our camels. My camel shied and knocked over a tray of tomatoes projecting from a greengrocer's shop. The shopman shouted, the driver blew his horn still louder, and a policeman arrived and added his voice to the pandemonium. The policeman also had a stick, with which he proceeded to rain blows on to our camels, roaring: "God curse the father of all bedouins!" Another policeman arrived blowing a whistle, the shop people joined in the hue and cry, and we were soon all four racing out of Amman, cloaks flying, rifles bumping painfully on our backs and followed by the mingled imprecations of the police force and the civil population. Such was my first introduction to the Arab Legion police.

By a coincidence, I arrived in Trans-Jordan when His Majesty King Husain, formerly the Sherif Husain, leader of the Arab revolt, was paying a visit to his son, the Amir Abdulla. The court was under canvas in the Jordan valley to avoid the cold of Amman, which is 2,600 feet above sea-level. I arrived at the royal

1: Dickson G-5 (1929-47) 1951 MI 1 Kuwait
Bedouins MJ4

The Welcome

in front of my tent, everything is ready to give me welcome. Salim stands alone in front of the tent, and answers my *saldm 'alaikum*, for it would not do for his womenfolk to appear in the presence of my hired driver and the shaikh's *fiddwi*, Sa'ud. They can, however, be seen discreetly peeping from their tent.

My goods and chattels are next unpacked, and I proceed to get things shipshape. Whilst Jawad is putting together my camp bed, and opening up my bedding, coffee is brought and served.

As soon as the coast is clear, and the menfolk are safely ensconced in their tent, in creeps the gentle-eyed and sweet-voiced Amsha to bid me welcome in the reception portion of my black goat-hair tent. She walks in gracefully, and in her low contralto voice bids me, "Al guwa ya Abu Sa'ud" (Strength to you, O father of Sa'ud), the usual salutation among the womenfolk. "'Allah i gauichi ya Um Hussa" (God give you strength, O mother of Hussa) I reply, and then follows a host of welcoming sentences, such as, "How are you? How is Um Sa'ud? What news of the Khatuna (the wife)? and Sa'ud and Zahra (my children) how are they? Well, well, I hope. What is doing in Kuwait, and what news of rain?" etc. Amsha is followed by Maneira, the Mutairiyah, helper in the house, and Hussa, Amsha's daughter of fifteen (recently veiled to show she is now a woman and of marriageable age). Then the daughters of Dhuwaihi the herdsman, and of Maziad, the Dhafiri, and last of all comes coal-black little Mubarak, the negro slave's little boy—Barruk they call him in terms of endearment. The other little curly-headed boy, Marzuk or Mzairik, his brother, is still with the lambs a quarter of a mile away, and so is Hamud, Maneira's small son.

The women, led by Amsha, sit round me in a circle, all asking after me and all wanting to know something. Little Hussa, whom I have known since she was seven years old, encouraged by her mother, comes and sits by my side after holding up her *burga* a moment for me to kiss her dimpled mouth. She has mother's permission to do this, even though she is now fifteen and a grown woman, for have I not known her since she was a little child? After this preliminary, she retires again and sits by her mother's side, keeping that silence which all well-behaved Badawin children maintain when their elders are present. Only shy little Barruk comes up

k Dickson G-5 (1929-47) 1951 MI 1 Kuwait
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854 Only shy little Barruk comes up
576 to Amsha's side and cuddles up in her arms. She loves him almost more than her own daughter. She kisses him and fondles him, and allows him to put his head on her shoulder and gaze up at me with wide eyes. Amsha is pathetically fond of her two slave children. They are only five and three respectively. Such love and such tenderness would make the brains of those busybodies whirl, who talk so glibly of the cruelty and horrors of the slave problem. How is it done? The answer is simple. These babes, the sons of her stalwart slave, 'Abdullah* (bought originally from Rannia and married to a freed 'Ajman slave woman), call out every womanly instinct in Amsha. They are the offspring of her own property. They are hers to prize and cherish. She even opens up her gown† and offers her breast to little Barruk who is fidgeting somewhat. "There, keep quiet, *ya halaila* (little sweet one), will you," she says, "and let us hear news from Abu Sa'ud."

272 Presently Salim comes back again with the coffee-pot, and the
415 special cups which he has brought back from Riyadh, little white and yellow-ochre ones, unknown among the people of Kuwait. With pride he once again offers me coffee. "The cups? Oh yes, they are from Riyadh. I brought them back for Um Sa'ud (my wife), when she returns from England." "The year has been a good one, *Al*
231 *hamdu 'l Illah*," he proceeds. "The camels are fat and their humps are so round you wouldn't recognise them." "Nay, Abu Sa'ud", chimes in Amsha, "you would not know Farha except for her nose ring. She has such a big hump now that a saddle cannot be put on her. And congratulate us, thirty-six lambs have been born in the last ten days, and Zahra's (my daughter's) brown ewe which was a baby two years ago has had her first lamb also, her first-born, so sweet and soft. Run and fetch it, ya Hussa." The lamb is produced and much admired. Its wee tail is duly weighed in my hand to see if it has got any fat on it. "And now you must come and see our baby camel", and away I am taken by the womenfolk to the back of the tent where a dozen she-camels are standing. They have just come in from water, and are waiting to be milked and bedded down for the night. The baby-camel is next caught and brought to me. It is wonderfully tame, and holds

* He died the following year (1935) after returning sick from Mecca.

† If an Arab woman suckles her little slave child, that child can never be sold as a slave. It is henceforth free and her own.

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Bedouins MJ4

231 825 plural: *salag*), on the other hand, are regarded as clean, especially by those Badawin following the Maliki tenets of Islam (who are in the majority in Hasa and Kuwait), and they are allowed to enter tents and sleep in the women's portion at will. They are valued for hunting purposes, and are taught to kill hare and gazelle for the pot. Great care is taken that there shall be no interbreeding between the tent watch-dogs and the *salúqi*, and when the female *salúqi* of the household is on heat one of her hind legs is attached by a leather thong to her collar, thus forcing her to sit down, which effectually prevents a heavy dog covering her.

A STRANGER ARRIVING AT A TENT

516 A stranger arriving must approach a Badawin tent from the front only. It is the worst of bad form to come up from the back. He must then approach the guest side of the tent and halt and make his camel kneel while some way off. This shows that he wants a night's rest or some food. He must never approach or halt his camel near the women's end of the tent (*muharram*). The purpose of this custom is to give the women time to adjust their *burqas* or veils whilst the visitor is some distance off. Were the visitor to come up from behind, he might come upon an unveiled woman attending to nature or washing her hair, or cleaning kitchen utensils.

FAVOURITE SPOTS FOR PITCHING TENTS

342 In choosing a tent site the proximity of water is, of course, the first essential. Next, the nature of the grazing decides where a man will wish to pitch his tent. If he is migrating with the tribe or part of the tribe, the tent owner leaves the selection of the area to be camped on to the shaikh, but tries for the convenience of himself and his family to get as close as possible to a sandy nullah or dry water course with 342 high banks. This is very important, for it allows the whole household, 515 and especially the women, to attend to their toilet and other sanitary 514 duties out of sight and in sandy surroundings which are ideally healthful. In this connection a Badawin (male or female) never unnecessarily soils the ground, but makes a point of digging a small hole in the sand, which he afterwards fills in. If water is scarce, as more often than not

k Dickson G-5 (1929-47) 1951 MI 1 Kuwait
Bedouins MJ4
Ma'adan

582 591 It would, of course, be practically impossible for an Englishman, even were he a convert to Islam, to marry a girl of a good Sharif Arab tribe. If such a thing were permitted, he would never be allowed to take the girl away from the tribe, and he himself would have to adopt a nomad existence, and settle down with the girl's parents.

619 In the above notes I have not referred to the tribes of Iraq. Their main Badawin tribes, namely 'Anizah, Shammar and Dhafir are all Sharif tribes, but their settled tribes, known as Ashaiyir (singular: Ashira) are half marsh tribes (Ma'adan) or have their origin in some pure desert tribe of Arabia, such as Zubaid, Rabiah, etc. Nevertheless, because they have become settled and cultivate the soil, the desert man to-day tolerates no inter-marriage with even the best of them.

592 A few technical terms denoting various family relationships may here be discussed, for they throw light on the Badawin social system.

AHL (or ÁL)

[619] (*a*) Many tribes or sub-tribes have the prefix Ál put before them, when they are referred to, example Ál Murra, Ál Ruwala. This should not be mistaken for the article *al*.

Ál is like the term "Bani", e.g. Bani Khalid, Ál Khalid.

(*b*) Ahl is the common term used to represent a man's people or kin. You ask a Badawin *Wain ahlak?* (Where are your folk?), he will answer, *Naẓlin fi fulan fulan makan* (They are camped in such and such a place). In short, the word is commonly understood to mean a man's wife, sisters, children, father, mother and any relation who may be camped with him.

592 601 551 A man says *Ya 'Aiyál* when addressing his sons or his family as a whole. He will also say *Kaif hál al 'Aiyál?* when enquiring after the health of another person's children and family generally.

The term *ahl al bait* denotes also the wife of the tent-dweller, and like *raiyat al bait*, the mistress of the house. It is not commonly used.

The mistress of the tent is *Um al 'aiyál* (mother of the children) to her husband or others, or she may be addressed as "Um Sa'ud", "Um Hussa", "Um Badr", etc. She is rarely called by her own personal [576] name. A guest should certainly refer to her as mother of so and so if he were on sufficiently good terms to ask after his host's wife at all. A wife calls her husband "Rai al Bait" as well as by his proper name.

l: Dickson G-5 (1929-47) 1951 MI 1 Kuwait
Bedouins MJ4

576 592 601 551 A Badawin wanting to ask after the lady of the house and not knowing his host very well, will often say, *Kaif hál illi wardkum?* (How is the person behind you?) This is polite and permissible.

Of course, should a man live in his father's tent, he never speaks of his *ahl al bait*, even though he is married and has children. He and his family belong to the *ahl* of his father. If the father dies and his married sons still remain with their families in his, the father's tent, it, the tent, is known as the tent of the children of So-and-So—*Bait aulád fulan*. The *ahl al bait* in these circumstances is either the dead man's old wife (their mother), or the wife who has charge of the tent.

628 613 There is another application of the word *ahl*. If you want to indicate the inhabitants of a certain tribal area, such as the Mutair of the Summán country, you can use the expression "Ahl al Summán", "Ahl al Suda", i.e. the inhabitants of the Summán, or of the Suda, meaning those who have a right to those places and live there.

On 11th August, 1935, in discussing this matter with Shaikh 'Ubaid al Mutragga al Harri of the Diyahîn section of the Mutair, he explained to me that the importance of this *ahl* idea lay in the root question of who would have to exact vengeance for a man, if he were murdered or killed (war or a raid, of course, excluded). Someone, he said, must follow up the murderer and kill him. The duty of doing this devolves on any or all of a man's *ahl*. A man's *ahl* consists of his own living descendants, for three generations, and includes also his ascendants to the third generation. That is to say, his sons, grandsons and great-grandsons; also his father, grandfather and great-grandfather, and their other descendants.

An *ahl*, added Shaikh 'Ubaid al Mutragga, protects a man from injustice, and must also be prepared to suffer for his guilt.

BANI 'ÁM

613 582 The terms (1) Bani 'Ám, (2) Walad 'Ám, (3) Bint 'Ám are some of the expressions most commonly heard and daily used amongst the Badawin.

The 'Ajman and the Ál Murra tribes are Bani 'Ám, or 'Amam for instance, and the Walad 'Ám only takes as bride his Bint 'Ám (first cousin), unless he specifically decides to free her from the duty of marrying him.

l: Dickson G-5 (1929-47) 1951 MI 1 Kuwait
Bedouins MJ4

backbone, the muscles of the shoulders and the muscles of the leg near the knuckle: the tongue, the kidneys, the cheek bits and the eyes, are also well-known delicacies. The fat of the tail is always looked upon as the guest's particular right. The Arabian sheep is of the fat-tailed variety unknown in England. Round the central dish of rice and meat, the shaikh places two or three bowls of *leben*, with lumps of rather dirty butter floating in it—also a plate or two of dates. The guest, after finishing his meal, drinks *leben*, and then turns to the dates, which he eats with the butter floating in the *leben*. These dates and butter, especially if the dates are fresh (*ratab*), are delicious.

Prior to the meal, and after the meal, coffee is handed round. Among the Badawin coffee is rather a poor and watery stuff, and following the Najd fashion is made with lots of *hail* (cardamum) in it. After lunch, it is polite to thank your host with a *Allah i kathir khair ak* or a *'An'am Allah 'alaik* (God increase your good works! or God reward you!).

It is also quite correct to make pleasant remarks about the good cooking of the housewife, and if you catch a glimpse of her, as you often may behind the *ǫáta* or curtain dividing the women's from the men's quarters, you may say *Allah i kathir khair ich ya ma'aẓiba* (God give you plenty, hostess of mine!). The lady will always reply with a *hanni wa 'a'afiah* or *'alaikum al 'a'afiah* (may you be satisfied!).

Having enjoyed the shaikh's hospitality, you leave after taking coffee, and the relatives, young men, big children, etc., eat up what is left of the meal: it is always amusing to see these hang back in pretended shyness, as if to say, "You know I never came here to get a meal", when the host invites them to come forward and partake with a *Yalla ya flan, gúm*, or *Yalla ya raba'a gúmu*, or *Thafadhalu ya awlád*. He usually has to do this several times and in a rather injured voice.

The host of course does not eat with his guests, but later with the members of the family. It is always seemly for the guest, if he be a prominent person like a shaikh or Political Agent, to bring a present of rice, coffee or sugar with him for the tent. This gift he presents in casual manner before he leaves: if he wants to win more praise, he will also have brought with him materials for half a dozen frocks for the

k Dickson G-5 (1929-47) 1951 MI 1 Kuwait MI 1
Bedouins MI 4
Arabs MI 0

B 264 K 264

bread, common to the whole East. Very modern hosts now add various coloured jellies.

COMMON EXPRESSIONS USED AT MEALS

B 264 576

Tafadhalu or *Sammu*—Used by a host to his guests when inviting them to start eating. The first word is also used when a person welcomes a guest to his tent or into his house in town.

B'ismi'llah—"In the name of God", spoken just before starting to eat.

Hanniyan—Said to a person who has just taken and enjoyed a long drink. The correct reply is *Allah i hannik* or *Hannakum Allah.*

Awafi—Host says to guest who has obviously enjoyed his dinner.

Allah i kathir khair ak or *ana'am Allah 'alaik*—The equivalent of "thank you". A guest formally offers thanks after a meal to his host.

Hanni wa 'a'afia or *mal Allah wa malak*—The host's formal reply to his guest's thanks.

THE RITUAL OF COFFEE MAKING

A 272 574

All over Arabia the elaborate ceremony of coffee making is the sign the guest is welcome and honoured above all men by his host.

From the highest to the lowest this making and offering of coffee is the first duty of a householder, whether he be a town- or tent-dweller, when entertaining a stranger or an acquaintance.

A 272

In Egypt and the north of Arabia, and especially in the towns of Syria and around Mosul, Western civilisation and Turkish influence have long ago had their effect and coffee is normally offered in small Western-made cups, full to the brim and standing in neat little saucers which are brought round on a tray, the guest helping himself. Such coffee, following the Turkish fashion, is sweetened, is purposely mixed with grounds and has a regular scum on the top. It is quite properly known as "Turkish coffee", and we see it often in London and Paris restaurants. The making of this coffee needs but a short description.

An ordinary, small-sized, brass coffee-pot is filled with cold water, about half a pint, and to it are added two tablespoonfuls of ground coffee and one and a half tablespoonfuls of castor sugar. It is then put on the fire. When the mixture comes to the boil the contents of the coffee-pot froth up and would overflow, but the coffee-maker takes the coffee-pot off the fire and, holding it by the handle, taps it three or four times sharply on the side hearth, so causing the froth to

k Dickson G-5 (1929-47) 1951 MI 1 Kuwait
Bedouins MJ4

752 splints on he packs the broken limb with a concoction of barley flower, salt and eggs. After the expiration of some twenty-five days the bandage is loosened and the splints removed. Whilst the bone is setting the patient feeds on *leben* (sour milk) or camel's milk only. He must not eat dates or sweet things. He must also plug up both nostrils.

Wounds.—A small wound is known as a *suwáb.*
A bad or large one is known as a *jarah.*
A wounded man is known as a *sawíb.*

As related above, certain scents (*riha*) or smells harm the wound, and open it up again. A man, therefore, who is suffering from a wound or broken bone is always placed on the windward side of the tent, and he must keep his nostrils plugged up. As with fractures, sweet dishes and food must be avoided, otherwise the wound will fester. [841] Particularly harmful is the close approach of a man who has had [838] sexual intercourse and has not as yet had time to wash himself. Similarly, a menstruous woman is a danger. Both are unclean, *najis*, and so are harmful.

Certain smells are not considered harmful, such are:

(*a*) Smoke from burning camel manure (*jalla*), used universally when making coffee.
(*b*) Tobacco smoke.
(*c*) Smell of the tar concoction they put on camels for mange (*jarab*).
(*d*) The smell of roasting coffee and food generally.

In peaceful times the urine of small children is sometimes applied to wounds, as a sort of antiseptic wash. On a *ghaṟṟu* or raid, the companions of a wounded man will wash his wounds with their own urine for the same reason. But to gain the best results it must be urine of young braves, not of elderly men.

[576] The wounded man is greeted with such expressions as, *Allah i sa'adak—Allah yiba'ad a sharr an ak—Allah yatik al a'afiah*, etc.

Snake Bites.—When a person is bitten by a snake which is known to be poisonous the following precautions must be immediately taken:

(1) The spot bitten must be deeply cut with a knife and blood made to flow.
(2) Two tourniquets must be applied to the limb (arm or leg) above where the snake has bitten the person.

151 721 followed these tracks for about two hundred yards. He then came back to us and said that fifteen Awamir from the north had raided the Junuba near the southern coast, lifted three of their camels, watered at a certain well, and passed this way twelve days before. I myself could not have been certain that the tracks were even the tracks of camels, they were so blown by the wind, but he had read the whole story. We had been out of touch with all Arabs for over a month, but when we met Badu they confirmed that this raid had taken place exactly as he had said. It is, however, a mistake to think that all Badu can track. Some of them are as bad at tracking as they are at guiding, but when you meet a good tracker or a good guide his skill is uncanny.

181 577 609 574 You might think that a life like this, where to keep alive at all is only just possible, was bound to degenerate into a brutish struggle for survival. But this is not so. These Badu are, it is true, hard and ruthless, avaricious and impatient of restraint, yet no people are so generous. They will give away their clothes literally from off their backs, and they are brave, loyal to each other, courteous, patient, and unselfish. I have spent the greater part of the last five years with them, and I have found it hard indeed to live up to their standards of decency. Arab hospitality is famous, but I wonder if you realize what it implies. The Badu do not ask someone to dinner when they have got something extra or when they feel inclined. One or two or half a dozen people are travelling past, see an encampment, and decide to spend the night there, for the traveller in the desert takes a free meal of anyone he sees. The host and his family are probably almost starving, yet everything they have is routed out and set before their self-invited guests, whom they may never have seen before, and if possible they will slaughter an animal for their dinner. I have often received this hospitality, and even now it makes me uncomfortable, though my host has sent me away in the morning feeling that it really was I who had conferred a kindness on him. Of course, another time it is one's host who is travelling and taking meals off someone else, so it evens up, I suppose. But it is not that; it is the wonderful, open-hearted, ungrudging way in which they do it. I am afraid I have always resented the sight of unwanted guests when we were short of food.

576 264 [271] 576 [486] 577 When travelling they always divide up their food before each meal and then draw lots for it, otherwise there is invariably an argument, never because someone says he has been given too little, but because he maintains that he has received too much. Among semi-settled Arabs, where the strict Badu conventions are not necessarily observed, you soon see how quickly it is resented when someone always takes the largest piece. Once we reached a well after we had been twenty-four hours without water, yet no one would drink when we arrived because some of our party had lingered behind to graze their camels, and they would only drink when everyone was there. The bond which exists between travelling companions is indeed tremendously strong; it is only this which makes travelling possible at all. If you are accompanied by a tribesman from a hostile tribe, you are safe from that tribe while he is with you, and he would fight in your defence even against his own brothers. To betray a companion is the blackest crime which a Badu can commit; but it goes